

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns, rendered in a light gray color, framing the central text.

# **The little death**

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## The little death by orphan\_account

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**Summary:**

This is filth and I wrote it only to immediately orphan it tbh.

## The little death

You never really feel safe around Pennywise.

Of course, that makes sense. Why would you. It's not human, it's a collection of red flags shoved into a tattered old clown suit, at least when it's near you. It's a sentient thing made of fear and famine, something ancient, something human in shape but alien of mind. It's easy to forget it's an *it* when you meet, because in the clown form, it looks a lot like a *he* .

Clowns. Fucking *clowns* . You can't remember if you were afraid of them before you met him. (It, whatever). Sometimes you manage to convince yourself you're not afraid of this one, either, (you're an adult, right?), but then the night leaks into the cracks in your window and chokes out the silly owl nightlight, the water turns red and the suffocating scent of burnt sugar wafts up from the basement you never go down any more, and you can't pretend.

You're scared of it. Him. It. Bare-faced, white-knuckled fear. You have a feeling he likes it.

It.

You have to remind yourself that, because it looks so, so much like a man sometimes. Even when it wraps those massive, gloved hands around your waist, so hard you can feel claws poke through the plush. Even if it bares its massive, primal teeth and whispers your name in a language you don't understand, just *feel* . It feels like a man, but it's not. It's not. It can't be.

Mortal men can't just appear in your home, like *it* did. Mortal men can't steal all the light out of a room, leaving only the glow of its eyes to guide you. Mortal men are usually not allowed to touch you like that. Like *it's* doing. Like *he's* doing. Fuck, playing the pronoun game with this thing is impossible, and you're losing concentration. The air is thick, your head is spinning, something is wrong, *it* has you.

You're sitting on your knees in your own bed. Weird to think that you sleep here every night, because it feels lumpy, strange and unrecognizable beneath your legs. Maybe it's because of the thing between them. It. Him. He feels realer now than he ever has, all warm, and lanky, long and threatening. Two massive hands dig into

the soft flesh of your hips until the veins break and the skin bruises, but you bite back the pained noise that wells in your chest. You don't know what he wants. It feels like being held beneath a cat's paw; one wrong move and that wide, toothy grin, so strained it looks like it's going to break out of the borders of his face, might split open and swallow you whole. One wrong move, and the fragile peace between you might break, and he could decide he would rather have a meal than a... Whatever you are. Toy? Test dummy? Decoy? Maybe you're the human version of a potato chip to him; something tasty to have a handful of when he's too full for real food. That would have been funny, if you weren't about you.

*Does it hurt?*

You can't tell if he actually opened his mouth to speak, or if the words are just in your head. Whatever the case, he asked you a question, and the heavy, hazy air makes it hard to answer. Both of your legs have fallen asleep. Maybe your brain has, too.

"N..." you mumble. His eyes flash yellow. Its. No, his. Fuck. *Fuck* .

"N... no?"

*Wrong* . You feel it the second the word leaves your mouth; the oxygen coagulates in your lungs, something hot flashes up your lower body, a spike of something hard, unwelcome, *alien* shoots through your spine and bends your back. You gasp and feel the tears prick beneath your eyelids. You can't remember closing your eyes. Not that it matters. You can still see him beneath you, open eyes or not.

His hands shift on your hips, angling his thumbs into the dimples by the ball joints, and he pushes them in so far you fear something is going to break. The pain makes you groan.

*Liar, liar, pants on fire. That's not very nice.*

The monster curls a hand around one of your comparatively tiny wrists and brings it behind your back. You voluntarily give him your other hand, too, so he can collect them in his and pull your shoulders backwards. It's an unnatural position, but you don't want to anger him any more.

He pulls them; down, down, until your back arches and your head falls back, until your body pops and aches, and you can't see him anymore but you sense his yellow stare burrowing into your chest.

Something is happening. All you can see is your bedroom ceiling,

with the silly little glow-in-the-dark stars on it, but you *feel* it. It's hot. Slick. There's something unnatural moving beneath you. Something hungry and grasping, something strong and slippery, a writhing mass, a whole lot of *something* . It soaks your underwear with a sickly sweet, cotton candy smell.

Your head is howling. You wish you could see it, but the thing, the clown, *IT* has a solid grip on your arms and refuses to let you relax. You can only feel as the *whatever it is* moves beneath you.

God, it's so hot. Waves of heat are rolling through your body, from your crotch up to the bruises on your hips, tapering off somewhere in your midsection and becoming a bitter, biting cold in your chest. *Whatever it is* slithers against you, reaching out, slick tendrils wrapping around the tops of your thighs and licking against your lower stomach, pressing heated, sticky kisses to every inch of exposed skin. You swear you can *hear* him, too; not physically, but mentally. He's making noises in your head.

It's a challenge to contain your own sounds. A strangled moan, composed of pain and pleasure, escapes you before you can reel it in. He answers in his own way, by tugging at your wrists and contorting you further. The message is clear: *shut up* .

He growls like a predator and pushes his hips against you. They're wide and bony, like the rest of him, and they shove those alien tendrils harder into your crotch. You're breathing shallow breaths because of the way your lungs are compressed in this position, silently praying that your ribs won't give in as he has his fun. Whatever that is.

*Fuck* .

Something is happening. The heat is building, the waves are coming harder and more often, it feels like he's filling you with something scorching hot. Your thighs are slick with whatever it is, your spine is aching with the way he contorts you, but above the pain and confusion, there is that damn *warmth* that just keeps getting stronger, and stronger, and it makes you want to *scream* .

You can't help it; you know he wants you to be quiet and still, but the heat is making you dizzy, and you want it to end. You move as much as you can in his steely grip, grinding your hips down onto his, strangling a gasp when one of the tendrils respond. The hand grasping both of yours suddenly *twists* - *snaps* - a pitiful howl of pain bursts from your mouth, and he responds by thrusting up and against

you again, harder than ever. Whatever delight he feels from humiliating you (or maybe this is what he thinks sex is, who knows), it's nothing compared to the pleasure he's taking in your pain. And your fear. Your delicious, palatable fear, currently rising in your throat like that god damn heat.

*Please* . You don't know if you actually say the word or if it just rings in your head, but he hears it anyway. It amuses him, you can feel it.

*Please, please, plea-*

The knot in your stomach is throbbing with tension, always half a second away from snapping, keeping you on the edge as he- whatever he's doing. It hurts, but it doesn't, and it's aching, and slick, wonderful and horrifying. You desperately want it to end, but you also wish it would go on forever. This has to be what purgatory is like; hard and soft, cold and warm, sharp and slick and sticky sweet, all at once and not at all. You can't hear the obscene, wet noises his nethers are making any more, either. It's all just silent screaming and carnival music between your ears.

*Please.*

You smell the offensive sweetness on his skin. It feels like fire between your legs.

*Oh, please.*

He's moving, grabbing, pulling and tearing. His body rocks against you like waves against the coast.

*Just end it.*

Faster now. Your breath is hitching and catching in your throat. It won't be much longer, it can't be, if he keeps it up you're going to-

When it finally happens, you think you died. The world just disappears. It whites out, like your brain is a snow globe that someone just shook, and it takes your senses with you. Hearing, feeling, smell, taste- it all vanishes. The pain is gone, too. As is the pleasure. The eerie, persistent feeling of being hunted that has stuck to you since meeting IT is no more.

This has to be it; death. God, what a sweet release it is. Too bad it only lasts for a second.

The universe rushed back in a cold, sobering surge, and when the monster lets go of your hands you throw your body forward, burying your face in its costume to muffle a scream. *Fuck* , it's the worst, best

thing you've ever felt. Every nerve is on fire, every sound is amplified, booming in your ears and shaking your body. It's horrible. It's wonderful. You wish it was the big death instead of the little one, but it will have to do.

It retracts its tendrils, leaving you feeling slick and deadened down there. It feels like it took a piece of you with it. When you open your eyes, the world is different somehow. The colours are duller, the sounds are quieter, the soft, sweet warmth of his breath on the top of your head doesn't disgust you as much. It's like wind through your hair. It sounds like... rustling leaves, strands of grass, paper cups blowing across and empty carnival. The monster before you is calmer than you have ever seen it. Barely a monster at all.

It. Him. A man-shaped something. He seems to have forgotten all about you; he's basking in his own, alien afterglow. You could probably sneak off now, but everything hurts. Not as bad as it should, but still.

You decide to stay. Try to recover a bit. Get your legs to wake up, maybe make your back stop seizing. Maybe you'll stay for just a minute, maybe an hour, maybe you'll stay for so long that he wakes up and has you for breakfast. You honestly couldn't care less right now.